The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suff.* I ſir, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke,
*Ioue* ſometime went diſguiſde, and why not I?

*Cap.* I, but *Ioue* was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be.

*Suff.* Baſe Iady groome, King *Henr.es* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
Cannot be ſhed by ſuch a lowly ſwaine,
I am ſent ambaſſador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waſſe me croſſe the channell ſafe.

*Cap.* Ile waſſe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates ſide, chop off his head.

*Suff.* Thou dar'ſt not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes *Pole.*

*Suffolke. Pole.*

*Cap.* I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, ſinke and durt,
Ile ſtop that yawning mouth of thine,
Thoſe lips of thine that ſo oft haue kiſt the
Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground, and thou that
Smild'ſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,
The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorſe in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds ſhall ſtay thy fury ſoone.

*Suffolke.* Haſt not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Haſt not thou kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
and bare-head plodded by my footclooth Mule,
and thought thee happy when I ſmilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then ſhall I charme thee, hold thy lauiſh tongue.

*Cap.* Away with him *Water*, I ſay, and off with his head.

1. *Priſon.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

*Suff.* Firſt let this necke ſtoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,

Saue



Saue to the God of heauen,
Suffolkes imperiall tongue
To ſuch a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, wh
I long to haue his head for

*Suff.* A Swordar and Ban
Murthered ſweete Tully.
Brutus baſtard hand ſtabd
And Suffolke dyes by Pira

*Cap.* Off with his head, a
And ranſomleſſe this priſo
To ſee it ſafe deliuered vnt
Come lets go.

*Enter two of the*

*George.* Come away Nicke
prouide thy ſelfe, for I can t
dayes.

*Nicke.* Then they had mo
But ſirra George, what's th

*George,* Why ſirra, Iack C
He meanes to turne this lan

*Nicke.* I marry he had ne
Twas neuer merry world w
vp.

*George.* I warrant thee tho
ther apron now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But ſirra, who come

*George.* Why there's Dicke
and Will that came a wooin
and Tom, and Gregory that
ſort more is come from Roc
terbury, and all the townes
or Squires, aſſoone as Iacke

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I heare

*Enter Iacke Cade, Dic*

*Harry, and the*